

"Some people who appear in the Police Court resort to queer means in an attempt' to convince the judge that they have been dangerously assaulted," an attorney remarked yesterday. "The judges, however, are up to all the tricks, and it is seldom, if ever, that they are fooled," the speaker

"Two colored women got into a dispute the other day and it resulted in one of them having the other arrested on a charge of assault, and when the case was called in the Police Court the one who caused the lives, nobody could sleep a wink. Yet he arrest of the other, after taking an oath to gets mad because he can't be deliciously tell 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,' declared that the defendant had struck her on the head

"'Did you have a physician in attendance? the court asked, noticing that the witness had her head bandaged up. "'No. sir.' she answered, 'but I was badly

" 'Let me see the wound,' the court asked "'There isn't any wound,' the woman re "Rut why is your head wrapped up

"'I was struck so hard that I've had the headache ever since,' was the reply. "The case was disposed of at this point by the charge being dismissed by the judge, who decided that the facts did not warrant conviction," the attorney said, in con-

A story is related by a resident of Capitol Hill concerning his experience with a burglar and a policeman a few nights ago. He had spent the early hours of the night with his family at a river resort. Because of the warm weather the windows and doors which were protected only with wire screens were left open. It was about 1 o'clock in the morning when the several members of the family retired.

"Not having a revolver in the house," said the occupant of the place that was visited by a burglar, "my wife called to one of the neighbors asking for the use of their weapon. I knew I could shoot him if I only had a gun, but I had none and my neighbor was in the same predicament. The footsteps through the hall on the lower floor could be plainly heard, and there I was without any means of defense.

"Well," he continued, "there was nothing left to do but call a policeman. The vigorous blowing of a whistle was responded to time the burglar had possibly reached the Virginia shore, but 1 don't blame the policeman, for there are not many of them in my neighborhood. He had done a tall piece of running, for he was nearly exhausted when he reached the The talker explained how he told the pe

liceman about the intruder and suggested that the burglar might still be in the house This was told from the upstairs window and at the officer's suggestion he went to the lower floor and opened the door.
"When I had opened the door," he stated "the policeman said to me: 'Go ahead and show me where he is.' Can you imagine what I felt like saying when I received this from the bluecoated guardian

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A rather impressive little ceremony now marks the formal opening of the several branches of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. When a justice enters his court room all persons who may be present rise, and, including his honor, remain standing until the crier has announced in singsong manner to those persons having business before the honorable justice that "the court is now sitting."

Of late, in opening some of the courts the criers have been adding to the stereotyped announcement the words: "God save the government of the United States and this honorable court "

As the criers were unfamiliar with the extra sentence, some ludicrous mistakes were made at the start. Only a short time ago one of the attaches got rather mixed. and Instead of repeating the foregoing said: "God have mercy on this court." This caused so much merriment that the

erler hastened to make a correction which helped some, although it was not the proper

The practice of all standing in the court room as the justice enters has obtained lo cally just a few years. It is understood that the movement was inaugurated by Mr. Tracy L. Jeffords when he was assist-ant United States attorney for the District of Columbia under Mr. Arthur A. Birney. Mr. Jeffords made it a rule to rise from his chair in court when the justice appeared, and soon the other attorneys began to fol-low suit. The custom is now general. The practice is similar to that prevailing in the Supreme Court of the United States, and is considered a dignified expression of cour-

tesy and respect. In the courts throughout the country, for the most part, the sheriff or other official simply announces that court is open. At Marlboro', it is stated, the judge opens court by rapping on his desk with a gavel and calling for order.

The justices of the United States Supreme Court and of some of the courts of New York wars by York wear black gowns while on the bench. The adoption of such costume by the justices of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia has been suggested, and it is said that several of the members of the court are in favor of the innovation. As to court criers, the Item of appropria-

tion to pay such officials was cut out of the bill by one house of Congress several years ago, a backwoods representative arguing that a court crier was a luxury not to be tolerated by his vote. The item was restored, however, in conference, and the

"You wouldn't imagine that women are my best customers, would you?" remarked an enterprising youth who has built up a profitable business polishing shoes, his headquarters being in the basement of a big downtown office building. "But they are, just the same, and they are regulars,

daily through the building and cleans shoes while the wearers continue at work at their desks. He has found that a great many more lady clerks than men take a pride in marked down 25 per cent last week."

the appearance of their footwear, notwith

"If you want to learn something about uman nature, just clerk in a hotel a few weeks," said Clerk Breast at the Arlington oday. "You will find out more about peoole in ten minutes than you ever suspected before or could suspect anywhere but be-

people have said to me this summer, 'You know, old man, I want a cool room.' I always say, 'I'll give you the best I've got,' and then I sit down and wait, confident of what to expect. In a few minutes the guest comes downstairs and yells his head off because his room isn't cool. He carries on as if he'd been insulted, and demands that I change him; says he will leave immediately if I don't give him a cool

"Now, just think how unreasonable he is Probably the day he made a request for a refrigerated place in which to sleep the thermometer was 99 in the shade, and there wasn't a cool room in Washington. I ven-ture to say that in his home, wherever he cool and sleep like a babe in a down-town hotel, in a city where everything is boiling. "It hasn't been bad this year, and we've had less kicks than usual. I've known other summers, however, here and else where, when the kicking was as I've described it. People seem to think a hotel is different from anything else, and that if a man orders a cool room he should have one, in spite of the fact that there isn't a cool room to be had for love or money in the

#### Rest and Play.

From the Great Round World I know two fairly responsible men who spent some hours of a recent holiday play ing in the children's sandpile at a country place they were visiting. Before they got through they had worked out a complicated system of mountains and valleys, and one of them had modeled an almost recognizable house. I know two other men who, or sudden impulse, bought some marbles and played with considerable enthusiasm on a garden path. In each instance the day and he mood had something to do with it. None of the men was childish. They were striving to catch once more a glimpse of "the glory and the dream"-to reattain, for time, the old sense of irresponsibility. This was not discreditable. I fancy that many a parent secretly does the same thing when he enters into the play room activities of his children, or takes them to the circus -always to amuse them. And if, after all, e must sadly admit that we cannot gather the rainbow gold of childhood, it will not ourt us to be irresponsible once in a while clong with the children. In the Catskill woods, on the water, or galloping on country roads-wherever we do not mistake hectic excitement for true happiness, the olay instinct is the same-a brief escape from responsibility; a short respite from things that we must do and want to do, but are willing to leave now and then because we know we shall love them the more when we return to them.

## A Florida Disenchantment.

From the Electrical Age. Down in Florida a few years ago at one of the famous summer resorts was a small street railroad-a little affair that did not amount to much, but was supposed by its proprietors to be sufficient for all ordinary purposes. One day in the course of a discussion the owners were accused of being old fogles and behind the times. "Why don't you get together and be up to date? they were asked. "You really ought to

have a modern equipment for a place of

mule-drawn cars that date back to the After considerable deep meditation and with many misgivings the road was or-dered changed to an electric line, and an eighty-horse power equipment was ordered. The outfit arrived and was installed, but for some reason failed to operate properly. An outside expert was then called in to that the rated efficiency of the plant was eighty horse power, and that eighty horse power were being used for the actual op-eration of the road. At this one of the directors tumped up and exclaimed excited-"Eighty horse power for what we used do with six mules? I guess we had

# Superb Art Gift to England.

From the London Chronicle

better go back to the mules."

That Lord Cheylesmore intended to leave his magnificent collection of mezzo-tints to the nation was an open secret long before his death. But so vast a collection as 10 000 is not without its embarrassments to those in charge of the print and drawing department of the British Museum. So cramped are the authoritles for room that, for the present, at any rate, a considerable part of the collection will probably be packed away. When the mezzo-tints are actually handed over to the museum a selection will, no doubt, be placed on view in one of the galleries. The bulk of the mezzo-tints afford an extensive and intimate panorama of social and general life in the latter half of the eighteenth century. Among the many gems, which, as an enterprising connoisseur, Lord Cheylesmore was enabled to purchase cheaply, was his "Miranda. which in a weak moment Mr. Henry Verey Horne, an authority like himself, sold for \$200. Recently a dealer asked \$3,250 for one not so good. Another gem of the collection is a portrait of Henrietta, Countess of Warwick, painted by George Romney and en graved by J. R. Smith

# Our Primer Lesson.

See the fish! Is it a big fish? Yes; it is the biggest fish that was ever pulled out of the brook. Did a man catch it? Yes; a man caught it. He landed it; and because it did not get away he dropped dead from surprise and heart disease. From this we should learn that big fishes are only to be lied about and not caught.

From the Chicago News. "Nellie says she's only twenty-one," said the floor walker. "I imagined she must be at least twenty-eight."

"So she was," replied the jealous maid who presided over the ribbon counter, "but you know everything in the store was



That dear old Mrs. Wilkinson (who can't always express exactly what she means to meeting Jones with the girl of his choice)-"And is this young lady your flas-

"I don't believe that Saratoga will ever again have such a season as it is having this year-not, at least, for a good many years, or until the memory of this season has been effaced," said a well-known Washington hotel man who has been visiting the springs ever since it was mainly the resort of wealthy planters from the too swift for protraction from one year to another. It is something out of bounds, almost incredible in its recklessness. If you were to read in a book of fiction of any such doings at an American summer resort, or even at a notoriously swift one in a foreign country, as have been the commonest sort of daily and nightly happenings at Saratoga this year you'd likely cast the book aside as something entirely too absurd for belief. I've been at most of the summer resorts in Europe where con servativeness is an unknown quantity, and at European winter resorts where, as we say, 'everything goes,' but Saratoga this year makes them all look like camp meet-

ings. "The gambling devil has got 'em all up there as it never before clutched American folks at any place of pleasurable assembly that I ever knew about. The western crowd has inoculated the easterners with the fever, so that all hands are wearing the hectic flush bestowed upon the human countenance by the Goddess of Chance, so that all hands, men and women, up there seem to little reck whether they are going to the devil in a canter or not. I can remember the day when refined women, even those disposed to make their outings partake of the holiday spirit to the very farthest permissible point, never bet publicly on the horses. If they did any betting at all they would wager gloves or candy or such-like with each other. Then the period gradually crept along when the less refined sort of women in the grand-stands would send small bets down to the ring by the grandstand commissioners, al-though at first even this was done furtively and with no conscious air of the new feminine sportsmanship. From that came the open grandstand betting in sizable amounts by women of the flash variety, such as actresses, and these were glanced askance at by the women of quiet conduct in the stands

"Well, within the past five years the woman who goes to the races and doesn't bet, right here in little old Washington even, as well as anywhere else, is looked upon disdainfully by her observant sisters in the stand as something unusual. But, in spite of the fact that the women in the stands of the New York tracks have been wagering quite good-sized amounts on the races for a long time past, women horse bettors have never gone to the frenzied degree of chance-taking on the beasts as they have this summer at the Saratoga races.
"I saw woman after woman-all reputable and swagger wives of reputable men of wealth, and very few of the latter owners of racing strings-betting thousand-dollar ills on their picks in big fields of horses, and they took their losses with all of the cultivated sang froid of male plungers who have been at the game for more than a score of years. I saw the wife of a Chicago man of business count of five onethousand-dollar bills and hand them over in a little wad to a grand stand runner.

"This on Fonsoluca,' she said.
"Even the grand stand commissioner was tunned over the coolness of the woman. 'But,' he said, 'Fonsoluca is a 40 to shot, and that ought to tell you how much chance the horse has got. Do you want it all put on straight, or don't you want a little of it for place and third?"

didn't know that your hearing was bad, said the woman, with a toss of her head. 'Had I known it I should have called another commissioner. I want it all to go on Fonsoluca straight.'

"I was close to the woman when the horse Fonsoluca got beaten by a mere nose, which, of course, chiseled her out of a \$200,000 winning. She laughed musically glanced at her program, bit into a peach, and studied what she was going to play in the next race. It was a fine exhibition of gameness, of course, but I don't mind saying that I am sufficiently old-fashioned to prefer to have women less game, and more ninine or womanly, or whatever yo choose to call it, about me

"And take that Saratoga Club. When we go to Monte Carlo or Homburg or any of this character, instead of an old road of the other famous gambling institutions of Europe we don't particularly object to seeing our women folks clapping a louis or so on the tables, for, in such a setting, it seems a bit picturesque to see them doing it, although I could mention a few cases where clever American girls and women have become hopelessly and disastrously An outside expert was then called in to examine the plant and locate the trouble. At a special directors' meeting he reported inoculated with the gambling fever from The women don't actually play at the tables there, but literally hundreds of them cluster around the tables in the adjoining dining room, remaining there for hours during the evenings and nights solely for the purpose of sending their gold into the gambling rooms to be played for them by their men folks—or somebody's else men folks. And you are to remember that these are not by any means women of the half world, or even declasse women. They are women who figure in the very finest so-ciety of this land, not a few of them women who make the charm of Washington during the winter season-and yet at Saratoga they have little or no thought of any thing else from the hour they make their first morning toilet until they retire in the morning than gambling in one form or

> "There can be no doubt that the presence and support of men like Mr. William C Whitney and others, almost equally prominent in Saratoga has served to gloss over the situation in Saratoga this year, and to take a good deal of the sin off of it in the minds of those who are doing the swiftest pace-making, but I have excellent reason to know that Mr. Whitney and his prominent confreres have become considerably alarmed over the swiftness of a game of which they are more or less the involuntary spon-sors, and that they would put the screws down on the situation mighty thing hadn't rather slipped out of their hands. Buda-Pesth never was a marker to Saratoga this year, Aix-la-Chapelle is a religious settlement beside it, Monaco curfew-mountaining village, Homburg quiet little seaside resort, and Ostend what the sports term a piker's game. Already Saratoga has hopelessly broken scores of men and women, and it is going to smash a whole lot more before the season is over. Newspaper men are a pretty hard crowd to shock, for some reason or other, but the gang of newspaper men that I met up at Saratoga were actually shaking their heads

over the situation.
"The stories that are proceeding from the place, moreover, have got the conservative people of New York to thinking, and the tip is already out that the legislature is going to do some things to Saratoga at its next meeting that will make another season there such as this season has been out of the question. The Saratogans themselves, even, it is odd to say, the religious element thereof, appear to be exceedingly complaisant over the situation, and resent any suggestion that the conditions be changed. In view of the tremendous stream of wealth that flows into Saratoga during its season perhaps their complaisance is natural enough, but from the Harlem river to Lake Erie there is in New York state a population of milions of as conservative and law-abiding people as may be found anywhere in the world, and you can confidently look to the heavy hand of legislation being laid Saratoga before the snow is through fly-

# Not Used to It.

rom the Philadelphia Press. "So, Mr. Borden, you dined out yester day," said Mrs. Starvum, sneering at the chronic kicker across the breakfast table. "I hope you got enough to eat." "Gracious! No," replied he, "I didn't dare take enough for fear it would make me

It Sometimes Happens.

From the Chicago Post. "Didn't you get very wet?" she asked as he reached home on a rainy evening.
"I got so wet that it made me dry," he explained, feeling that he ought to give some excuse for his breath.

From the Philadelphia Press. Mrs. Subburbs-"Bring a thermometer with you when you come out from town this evening, Henry.

Mr. Subburbs—"Huh! I'd better bring

two or three. One thermometer couldn't begin to do the work in this hot hole." It isn't climbing the ladder of fame that makes one dizzy, so much as it's the

"That universal human trait of which Thomas Carlyle Wrotelliso divertingly and comprehensively," said the man who thinks aloud, "which he termed hero worship,' doesn't take and cognizance of our inborn, inherent, sneaky, if you will, regard for individuals whom we really should despise; get I fear that all of us south. "The pace up there this year is far possess a sort of deep-set admiration of and pity for and sympathy with chaps whose conduct we should both inwardly

and outwardly reprobate.
"Take this fellow Tracy, for example I'd spread myself on record as a most incorrigible and hopeless liar if I were to say that I ever had any other feeling for that chap than sympathy and good will. From the very jump I wanted him to win out. Wanted him to get clean scot away from his pursuers and make another chance in life for himself. I knew that he had killed a whole lot of men, that he was a born enemy of society, that human life was nothing to him, that he would in all likelihood have believed by the wore folks had likelihood have killed a lot more folks had he got loose for good, that he was a low type of man with no heart or soul to speak of—and yet, durn my fool eyebrows, I just wanted Tracy to get away from 'em the worst kind of way. First thing I'd do when I nicked way from was to see when I picked up a paper was to see whether they'd succeeded in nabbing Tracy yet, and when I'd read that he had once more given 'em the slip and got through a cordon of deputies and people like that, I'd have a feeling of inward triumph and pleasure just as if I was in some way related to the desperado, or, in fact, as if I'd at some time or another been a desperado myself. When, at length, they rounded him up in that cornfield, and punctured him so that he couldn't see any more sense in his trying to keep on, wounded as he was, and so put a ball in his head, I am bound to confess that I was sorry way down deep. Kind o' hated to see him cash in that way.

"And it's not alone with regard to Tracy that I have the same sort of unlawful feelings. Whenever I read in the paper of a big train robbery, in which a bunch of ba-ad men put the engineer under the gun and run the locomotive about a mile up the track, while the rest of 'em dynamite the express car and swipe everything in sight. I just naturally feel tickled all over, and hope that they will all get away with the big spondulix that they've captured. watch the paper to see whether the hastly formed posses have got on the train robbers' trail, and when I read that the rob-bers have dodged the whole bunch and made for the mountains, leaving not a sign of a trail mark behind, I feel good all you hand over those keys at your very over again and hope that they'll have a earliest convenience." bully good time blowing the money in.

"It's because these fellows are such utterly nervy devils I suppose that I secretly root for them and for the success of their plans. Now, I haven't got much use for a pickpocket, nor for a porch climber, nor for a hotel sneak, nor for a burglar, nor any of that class of people. It's only the out-and-out ba-ad man from Bitter Creck. the ducks that know how to shoot quick and fast, and how to cover up their trails, and all that, that I have a natural born sympathy for. Once in a while I have a sneaking sort of sympathy for some bank cashier or other who yanks out five or six hundred thousand dollars—the amount must be large—and who makes a fine mysterious getaway of it, and who keeps. em all at sea and at bay just about as long as he likes.

"I've asked a lot o' friends o' mine how they've felt about certain desperadoes on a big scale, and I've seen the sneaky grin of sympathy steal over their faces, so that i know I'm not the only one who feels this way. And that's why I think there must be a sort of bandit streak in all of us that rests dormant only because of the environment of civilization under which we live and have our being. I bet I'd be a corking good imitation of Jesse James if I'd beer born and brought up under the circum-stances that ruled his birth and rearing."

## The Charm of Dickens.

From the Saturday Review.

The century would have been immeasurably poorer without Dickens. Let us rejoice, with Mr. Swinburne, in having him for an everlasting possession; but let us enjoy him for what he was and is and not for what he was not and no one can ever persuade us he is. He is, first of all, one of the most spontaneous, opulent, overflowing, generous humorists the world has known; a humorist to be set with Aristophanes (as humorist), Cervantes and Shakespeare. His humor never depends upon a formula. Read a page of "Pickwick" or one of Mr. Micawber's speeches; then turn up anything you like of Mark Twain or any of the innumerable professional humorists of today. The one is fresh, can be read and laughed at a dozen times; the other wearies you, even while you laugh, and you what est you even while you laugh, and you only get through the book by earnest effort. What other wit ever invented such a saying as that of Mr. Weller the elder, "More widders is married than single vimen?" It is noteworthy that this is also a stroke of true characterization. Who does not remember the wooden measure with which Mr. Wegg retailed nuts at the street corner, a measure "with no perceptible inside," supposed to represent the penn'orth as fixed by Magna Charta? It is all caricature, but what rich, buoyant, unforced car-leature! And, after all, caricature has its place in the system of mundane things. Aristophanes was a caricaturist, Cervantes was, and so was Shakespeare. They were something more than that. So was Dick-

# Importance of Alaska

Harrington Emerson in the Engineering Magazine Since 1896 five events have occurred that wholly change conditions in Alaska for the better. 1. In that year the Klondike gold discoveries were made and in 1897 and 1898 a great rush to and through Alaska began, resulting in a doubling of the population and in an output of gold from the Yukon region to date of \$75,000,000. 2. In 1898 the Philippine Islands were acquired by the United States, giving importance to the direct route along the Alaskan coast between North America and the new possessions. 3. In 1899 gold was discovered on sions. 5. In 1860 goal and this carried 30,000 people to this part of Alaska and resulted in an output of \$5,000,000 in gold annually, or more than twice as much as all Alaska had previously yielded. 4. The Alaskan salmon fisheries, in their infancy in 1896, have grown in 1902 to great companies, capitalized for \$20,000,000 and with net earnings last year of more than \$2,000,000, and employing 10,000 men. 5. Two railroads have been constructed in Alaska, one of which is in the extreme southeast, costing \$4,000,000, earned last year over \$3,000,000 net, and the other in the extreme northwest near Nome, a little road five miles long, which earned \$80,000 net. 6. Coal fields formerly superficially known have been explored and investigated, while new ones of great value have been discovered

#### New England Dialect. From the Youth's Gompanion.

The professor of Latin in a New England school has, until within six months, claimed that stories of New England dialect were absurdly exaggerated; but a few months ago a living reputation of his views arrived in the person of a New Hampshire maiden of stern aspect, who had been engaged for general housework. 5

The professor's study is a good-sized room, and as he is fond of plenty of air he finds three windows and a door no more than sufficient to provide a current. When the new handmaided had been in the family a week she passed through the hall one cool morning and stopped at the door of the study. the study. "Do you wish anything?" asked the professor, roused by a dry cough from the

doorway. "Well, I don't want to be forthputting," "Well, I don't want to be forthputting," said the New Hampshire maiden in a firm but pleasant tone, 'but it does seem as if you were setting in a complete draught. Don't you want the door cluz or the windows the curtain and the season was the se

## dows shet or leastways the curtains drew?" Changed Her Mind.

From the Chicago Tribune. "Miss Riddlecomb," said the well-preserved bacheior, "if I may be so bold as to ask the question, "why have you never married? "Because you never asked me," she re-

now."

The Jobsons arrived in Washington, after their month's stay at the seashore, late on Saturday night last. They had intended getting back early in the evening, in proper season for opening and airing the house fixing up a bit of luncheon, purchasing the materials for the Sunday dinner, and, in general, getting things more or less straightened out for the day of rest on the morrow. But a stop-off in Philadelphia and a somewhat protracted call upon some friends there spoiled this arrangement, se that it was verging upon 11 o'clock at night when they finally walked up the steps of their home. Before reaching the gate Mr. Jobson had talked of making a hurried entrance to the house and then hustling to the market shop around the corner to buy a roast and some eatables

on the following day.

Ascending the steps, Mr. Johson began to go through his clothing for his keys to the front and vestibule doors. But it was obvious that he wasn't naving much luck in that search. After turning most of his pockets inside out two or three times he sternly inquired of Mrs. Jobson "Madam, instead of standing there gloom-

ing upon me and impatiently shifting from one foot to the other, perhaps you'll be kind enough to hand me the keys of our home that I was particular to give into your custody while we were packing up last evening down at the seashore?"
"Into my custody!" exclaimed Mrs. Jobson, in a tone of surprise. "Why, you know that you always carry all of the

house keys while we are traveling, and that it is one of your pet phrases that a man who permits a woman to carry keys must be affected with softening of the brain." "Never, in the whole course of my life married or otherwise, have I ever employed a phrase like that, or one even approximating it," sharply declared Mr. Jobson, one more beginning an ineffectual search through his pockets. "And I deferentially put it to you, right here and now, that it's blamed near time for you to quit that habit of yours of putting words into my mouth. There hasn't been a time during the past eighteen years when we've gone out of town together that you haven't had exclusive charge of the household keys, and the only reason that I'm searching my clothing for them now is that it occurred to me that you had carelessly left them on the sand, or on a loop-the-loop car, or some such sensible place, and that I picked them up to give you a little lesson when the moment arrived. However, that seems not to have happened upon this occasion, and

"Oh, I remember now." Mrs. Jobson sud-denly replied, "that when you were packing last night the keys slipped out of the out-side breast pocket of your flannel coat as you were leaning over the trunk, and that when I called your attention to it the bell boy entered the room, and you must have forgotten all about them. So the keys are in your trunk.'

The arc light on the corner revealed the awful glare which Mr. Jobson bestowed upon Mrs. Jobson.

'Well, of all the ingenious, crawfishing chemes for relieving one's self of culpability, Mrs. Jobson, you've got everybody that I ever met up with skinned to death," muttered Mr. Jobson in a hoarse, tense tone "Now I am convinced that there is something deep and dark behind this succession of fairy tales of yours. I'll bet a hat or a hall mat that you sent those keys when we went away to that poverty stricken bunch of rubbering relatives of yours, so's the could sneak in here and take possession of my home during my absence from the city or that you framed up some other under hand scheme for getting the best of m through those keys."

Mrs. Jobson didn't consider it necessary or

desirable to make any reply to these imputations, and then Mr. Jobson began to make efforts to force his way into his home. But his efforts were unavailing. The win-dows had all been nailed inside, the doors had all been double-locked and bolted, and after about ten minutes of grunting and perspiring and sulphurous language Mr.

"You may think it funny to scheme and at length he ceased his efforts to force his "but my sense of humor hasn't been trained and developed quite up to that

The only thing the Jobsons could do at that hour of the night was to repair to one other will give-in which are shaped the of the down town hotels and put up for the night, trusting to luck to find their house keys, or to invoking skilled assistance in to a predetermined end. enabling them to break into their home. This they did, Mr. Jobson grumbling at a great rate all the way, and hinting savagely at the many ulterior, not to say vicious, motives which had caused Mrs. Jobson to deliberately shut him out of his own home in the middle of the night, after he'd "more than broken his neck" for a month past in dragging her around the country and in giving her a good time.

Mr. Jobson handed his trunk checks to the clerk when they registered, and the clerk told him that the trunks would be at the hotel and up in the apartment assigned to the Jobsons at whatever hour Mr. Jobson cared to name. Mr. Jobson said that 9 o'clock would be about right, and so the Jobson baggage was spread out in the Jobson apartment at that hour. Mrs. Jobson promptly produced the keys of all of the runks and satchels from her reticule, and the trunks were opened one by one. 'We'll just go through your gear first," said Mr. Jobson, "for it's pretty nearly a

cinch that, if you haven't done anything worse with those house keys, you've executed the pin-headed trick of packing them away with a lot of the totally unnecessary truck that you yank around the United States with you when I take you on a summer vacation."

Mrs. Jobson, apprehending the futility of making either a reply or a suggestion, rocked herself to and fro at a window, and tried to keep her face as straight as she could She knew exactly where the house keys were—that Mr. Jobson had accidentally dropped them in packing into one of his own trunks, and she wanted to enjoy the satisfaction of seeing Mr. Jobson make that discovery himself.

After he had turned the contents of her two trunks upside down and made them look as if they had been played in for several hours by two or three fox terrier puns he mopped his forehead and reluctantly tackled his own big trunk.

"I'm only doing this as a mere matter of form, to satisfy your alleged notion that the keys are in my trunk," he said to Mrs. Job-son as he lifted the top tray of the trunk out on the floor, "and—"

Jobson came to an abrupt halt. He had lifted up an unworn outing shirt rest-ing directly beneath the tray, and the four large house keys, attached to a big ring, had jangled to the floor. Mr. Jobson picked them up and gazed at them as if he had never before cast an eye upon them, and then, thrusting them into a trousers pocket, he walked over to a window and gazed out of it for a long time. When he turned to Mrs. Jobson there was a stern look in his eye, and when he addressed her his voice was clogged with severity:
"Madame," he said, "I am willing to put

up with feminine capriciousness and all that it may mean; I freely tolerate manifestations of an evil temper and disposi-tion; I patiently endure fretful complainings; I humbly stand extravagance, harsh words, and all that; but when you will de-liberately do such an underhand, sneaky treacherous thing as this-putting these keys in my trunk solely for the purpose of humiliating me—then I rebel, and I rebel hard, and all is off between us, for good and

#### Logic of the Sabbath. From Ainslee's.

As a psychologist, I believe in the Sab-

bath day. One day in seven should be kept holy from work and sacred to man's primitive paradise of leisure. I am no Puritan pietist or even Sabbatarian in any severe sense, but hold that this is one of the greatest of all human institutions, and that the command to keep it as a day of rest is written in our physiological constitution. If need be, it may be kept in sleep, man's great restorer. Monday our nerves and brain must be refreshed, and we must start a new weekly rhythm on a higher plane than we closed the old one. The mental scenery must be changed. The brooder's overthought must have enlarged our plans and given us both momentum and direction. What form the rest cure should take differs perhaps for each person. I go to church, but my neighbors should perhaps spend the day in the fields, with children, in music, in books, but for all

# ALL RIGHT THIS YEAR STOOD IN WITH TRACY JOBSON'S "TOLD YOU SO" JOSEPH H. CHOATE

AMERICAN EMBASSY.

Troubles and Tribulations of the Yankee Ambassador Are Important Matters, Too.

(Copyright, 1902, by Marshall Lord.) Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

LONDON, August 1, 1902. When some enterprising American uniersity starts a special course in diplomacy for youths who want to become ambassadors, the chief item will have to be in struction in the fine art of dining. International law and history and all that sort of thing doubtless would be advantageous enough, too, but you might as well omit anatomy from the study of medicine as to

teach European diplomacy without dining. His excellency the American ambassador to the court of St. James would be the ideal professor in this branch of instruction when the time comes for him to leave London and get back home. He would testify that his work at the broad, flat-topped desk in the dingy office of the embassy in Victoria street was of comparatively little account, that his official communications with the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Lansdown and the other Downing street folk had been, mostly formal afte, all, and that his occa-sional audiences with the king had little political significance. But when it came to



Joseph H. Choate.

(Copyright, 1898, by R. Wilhelm, New York.) the hour of coffee and cigars-that was when the real business of the nation was done, sometimes in neat, artful speeches, reported in full in the papers, and read by everybody; sometimes in comfortable, uncontrive to freeze me out of the home that official, informal talk with the men who I've slaved to get together for a quarter of govern England in fact while the king England in fact, while the king governs in name

> Those are the private talks in which the prejudices, ambitions and friendships of the nations are weighed and measured-in which it is determined what is the least that one will accept and the most that the international policies that are afterward the subject of formal, dignified negotiations

> Fancy an insignificant-looking, shy, nervous, awkward man representing a great nation at one of these behind-the-scenes spreads. He might know all there was to know about international law and such matters, but in these intimate confabs the personal impression counts for so much that it sometimes overweighs everything else. That is where Joseph Hodges Choate comes out strong. You can't lose him, either in a crowd or in a group of statesmen. may be inwardly nervous-in fact, I suspect he was pretty uncomfortable when he first came over here-but he wears all the outward and visible signs of easy satisfaction. When he rises, with a benign smile, to respond to the toast the chairman has given everybody settles back comfortably, sharing the ambassador's confidence that his forthcoming speech is going to be a rattling good one. The only other man in England who creates quite the same impression is

### Lord Rosebery. Delicate Insinuations.

Opinions differ, of course, about Mr. Choate's success in the formal side of diplomacy, but he has done something more than make a personal hit with his afterdinner addresses. I have heard a dozen or so of them in London, and have never missed from one of them a note that at first rather startled placid John Bull. In one form or another his excellency always contrives to say deftly and insinuatingly what, if put bluntly, would be something

"Brother Bull, you are in most respects a good fellow, but you have shown a little tendency to be superior in times past. The occasion for it has gone by, if it ever existed, and you will kindly take notice that Brother Jonathan isn't playing the role of younger brother."

The ambassador has kept up such a steady pounding on that note, and commer-cial events have given him such strong backing, that the effect has become noticeable. Brother Bull has been getting the idea firmly fixed in his head. The American ambassador lives at No. 1

Carlton House Terrace, just back of the Prince of Wales' Marlborough House, in the great mansion bought by L. Z. Leiter for his daughter, wife of the viceroy of Indian, where she is the first lady among three times as many people as there are in the United States. The Curzons rented the place at a big price to John Hay when he represented the American government here, and Mr. Choate, after three or four weeks of house hunting, concluded that he couldn't do better than step into his chief's shoes, so to speak. The old yellow Georgian houses, of which No. 1 stands at the upper end, are not gorgeous as seen from the outside, but they have a stateliness and dignity within that makes them seem exactly suited for ambassadorial residences. The German embassy does occupy one of them, but the difference is that Germany pays the rent, and the ambanador's home and his offices are in the same building, whereas the American ambassador pays the house rent out of his own pocket, devoting the larger part of his salary to the purpose.

The curve of the terrace makes it impos

sible to get a good photograph of the front of the house, but from St. James' Park in the rear you get an impressive view of this famous row of residences, where Mr. Gladstone once lived, and where Mrs. John W. Mackay and William Waldorf Astor have their town houses now. Gilbert Parker, who "married money," as they say, and has made a lot more out of his novels, also lives in this select territory. All good Americans in London swarm from adjacent Pall Mall into Carlton House Terrace on each 4th of July to climb the fine curving stairway at No. 1, hear their names called out by the liverled footman, shake the hand of his excellency at the head of the stairs, bow low to Mrs. Choate and then squeeze on through the crowd that fills the long succession of lofty rooms, back to the temporary buffet, where portly waiters deal out good things to eat and drink.

Mr. Choate's Dingy Office. It is only a short walk around by Westminster Abbey to No. 121 Victoria street, plied.

"Well, you can't have that excuse any longer," he eagerly rejoined. "Will you marry me, Jane?"

"No, Mr. Wellon," she said, with a yawn. "You're too late. I am out of the notion now."

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has such mean quarters, and some of the ministers from little South American re-publics are far better provided for. The only comforting reflection to Americans who visit the place is that it gives the lie to the British notion that Americans have

Uncle Sam's Representative

at Court of St. James,

HIS HOME IN LONDON

NO FUSS NOR FEATHERS AT THE

AMERICAN EMBASSY.

It to the British notion that Americans have a taste for garish display.

Although the ambassador represents in person the President and the whole 70,000,000 people of the United States, there are no fuss and feathers at the embassy. If you have any good excuse for it, or if you are merely a distinguished citizen who has no other excuse for calling than a desire to shake his excellency's hand, all you have to do is to go in and await your turn in a gloomy ante-room, walled about with reports of the proceedings of Congress and other diverting and popular volumes of a similar nature. Once ushered into the liner room where James Russell Lowell and so many other famous representatives of the American people have sat, you conclude from his magnetic that it gives the life to the British notion that Americans have a taste for garish display.

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seconds if you proceeded to be a bore who didn't know when to go.
One of the great drawbacks to the fun One of the great drawbacks to the fun of being ambassador was formerly the dead-broke American who came of such good family and brought such strong letters of introduction that there was nothing to do except guarantee his hotel bill or provide money to pay his passage to America. Half of the time at the embassy was taken up in listening to hard-luck stories, but Mr. Choate, with his usual good fortune, has escaped most of that thanks to the organization of a relief department by the American Society in London.

Politicians' wives who wan: to be presented at court take up a lot of time, too, and in the summer season folk who want tickets to parliament, letters to officials and all sorts of personal privileges keep two embassy secretaries in a rush. Varlous folk who have called and asked to see Mr. Choate have been found to have the intention of asking him to write out for them a little list of chean hoarding here.

intention of asking him to write out for them a little list of cheap boarding houses; others, it appeared, cherished the idea that a personal heart-to-heart talk with the ambassador could reasonably be expected to result in the loan of a dollar until the next American mail arrived.

## Kick on the Income Tax.

One of the most urgent of these personal matters laid before the embassy is the income tax which Americans living in London have to pay to the British government, although most of them get their incomes in America. Each new victim usually heads straight for the embassy and wants to know what in something or other the British government means by demand-ing a percentage of his receipts from, say, real estate on which he already pays taxes in America. It does seem like an outrage, but there is nothing the embassy can do

Unlike every other ambassador in London, Mr. Choate has no court costume.
The distinguished Americans who go with him to a levee to be presented to the king have to scurry around for knee-breeches and buckled shoes; but the official repre-sentative of Jeffersonian simplicity goes in ordinary swallow-tail and becomes mor-bidly conspicuous in the gorgeous throng. When Mr. and Mrs. Choate entertained the king and ones at dispure certy in June the king and queen at dinner early in June Plerpont Morgan was also one of the guests. He rushed over from the continent on purpose to be present, arriving only a few hours before the time. He had been so busy buying up odds and ends of steam-ship lines, railroads and old masters that he had forgotten all about knee-breeches. He was badly rattled when he was reminded of them at the last moment. None of his friends had anything of the sort that would fit him; and all the Morgan millions couldn't move a London tailor to turn out a pair of court knee-breeches in three hours. It began to look to Mr. Morgan as if he would have to be taken suddenly fil for the sake of a good excuse for absenting himself from the dinner, when someing himself from the dinner, when somebody suggested that a theatrical costume might help him out. Hurried search in the shops around Covent Garden resulted in finding a pair of nether garments that made a fairly good fit, and in consequence Mr. Morgan was presented to their majes-ties in breeches that had previously seen service on the stage.

It is said that Lord Curzon has had enough of India and will be returning early in the autumn to take a place in the cabinet if the present government remains in office throughout the year-as it is almost certain to do. In that case Mr. Choate will have to move out, and as it is such a difficult matter to get a suitable house, and as he has had about all there is to get in the way of ambassadorial fun and glory, I think it is more than probable that he will retire from office. Although he made a fine fortune out of his law prac-tice, he probably finds it rather a bore on some accounts to fill a position that calls for the expenditure of from two to three times his salary. MARSHALL LORD.

#### A Growing Southern Industry. From the New Orleans States.

There has been a remarkable growth of the cottonseed-oil industry within the last six months, as is shown by the number of new mills erected. In that time 117 of them were established throughout the country, representing a capital of \$5,225,000. There are now in operation 500 mills, with an investment of \$50,000,000, as against forty in 1880, with an investment of \$3,500,000. When the fact is considered that the industry is based on what was a few years ago regarded as a waste product, the develop-ment is indeed remarkable, and the industry will continue to grow, for there is a steady demand at good prices for all the cottonseed oil that is made in the south, but while the product of the mills is worth about \$50,000,000 annually, it will yield a much larger profit when more attention is given to refining the oil, the bulk of which is now shipped to Europe, where it under-goes a refining process and is sent back to this country and sold as olive oil at prices three times greater than those of the crude oil. We are glod to note that oil. We are glad to note that a movement has been started in Edgecomb county, North Carolina, for the establishment of mills on the co-operative plan, to be owned by the cotton planters, who will not only get full value for the seed they furnish, but

# From the Chicago News.

refined as in Europe.

a greater profit on the oil, which will be

Greek and Turkish sponges have been known to the trade for hundreds of years. Syria furnishes perhaps the finest quality, and shipments are made from Tripoli and Latakia to Paris, London, Trieste, Hamburg, New York and Piraeus. During the last fifteen years, however, the output has greatly diminished, owing to the introduction by Greeks of diving apparatus, which proved ruinous to fishermen and fisheries alike. It is estimated that the annual exportation of Syrian sponges at present hardly exceeds \$85,000 in value. In the adjoining territorial waters of Cyprus sponge beds are being worked with varying success. Sponges were exported from that is land in 1898 to the amount of \$10,425, and in 1899 \$28,835 worth were shipped. Egypt, Barbary, Crete, Rhodes, Samos, Calymnos and other islands of the Turkish and Greek archipelago also produce sponges for ex-port. A large share of this trade was formerly in the hands of merchants with headquarters in Smyrna and Trieste, but it is now centered in London and Piracus abroad to the amount of about \$500,000

The Brute!

